Comedy · Fantasy
Gato and Brush
Studio Nostos

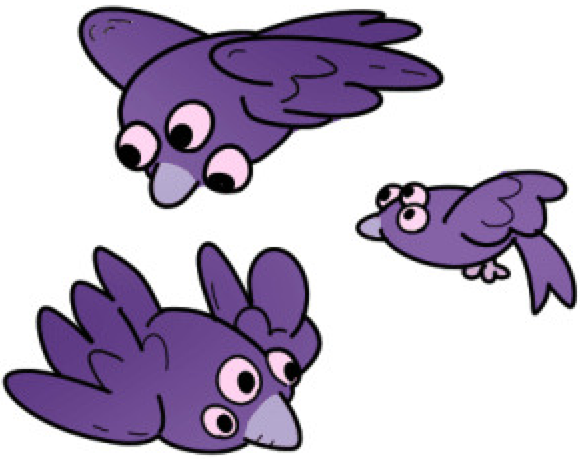
A whim of night and dream - PART IV

Apr 10, 2025

"YOU ARE TO BE A FLAMEKEEPER."

LIKE MOM, SHE SAID.

IT WAS MY 7TH BIRTHDAY, AND FROM THAT DAY, WHATEVER I IMAGINED WAS CREATED.

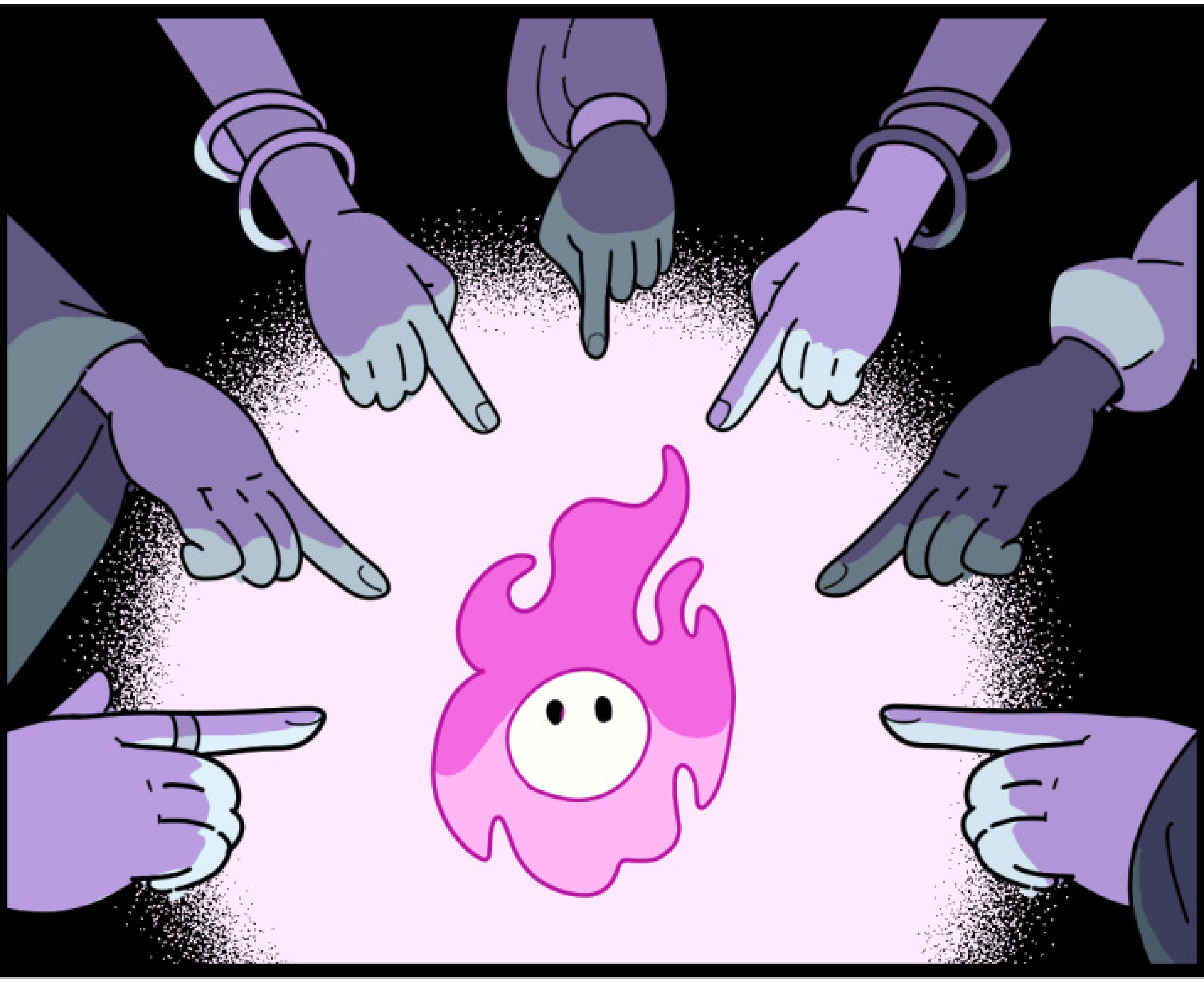


THEY EXPECTED WONDERS AND RAINBOWS, PRINCES AND RICHES.

BUT ALL I COULD DREAM AND
FEAR ABOUT WERE EMBERS.
MONSTERS, LOSS, DREAD.

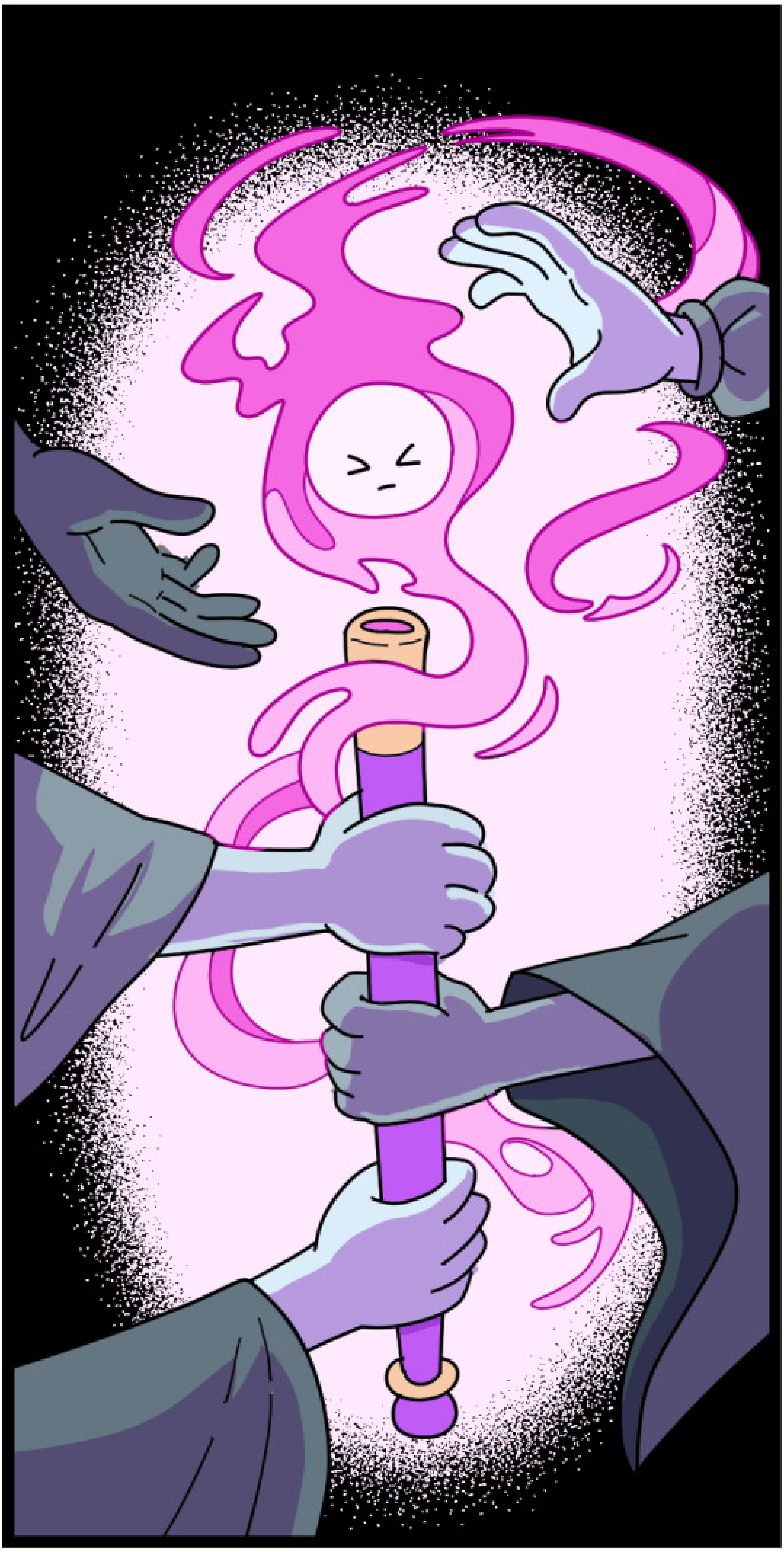
IMAGINATION IS
EXCRUCIATINGLY HARMFUL TO
THE ANXIOUS MIND,
ESPECIALLY THAT OF A CHILD.

"ENCASE THE WISP"
THEY SAID.



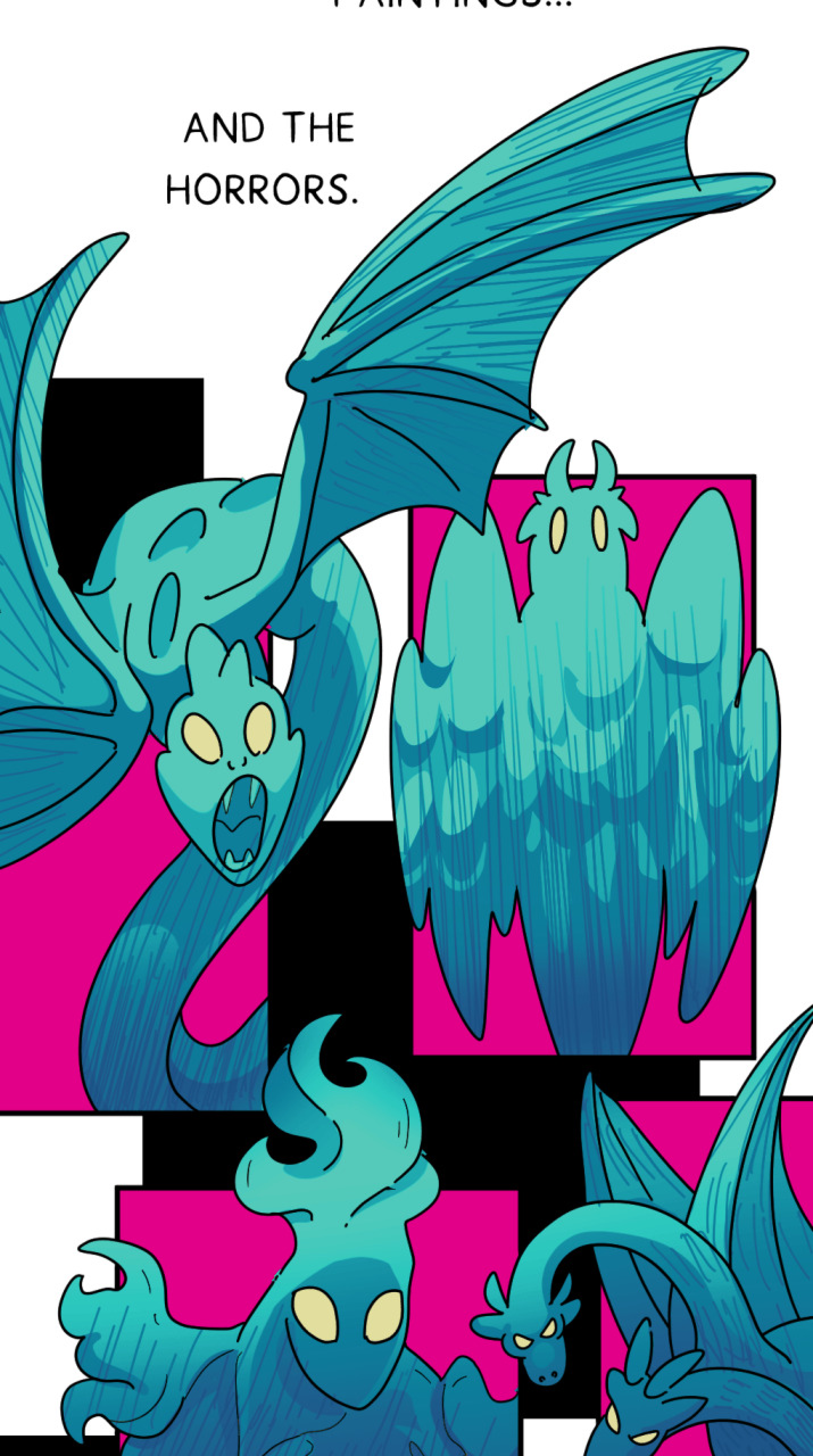
AND TURNED MY FRIEND
INTO A BRUSH

INTO A **BRUSH.**

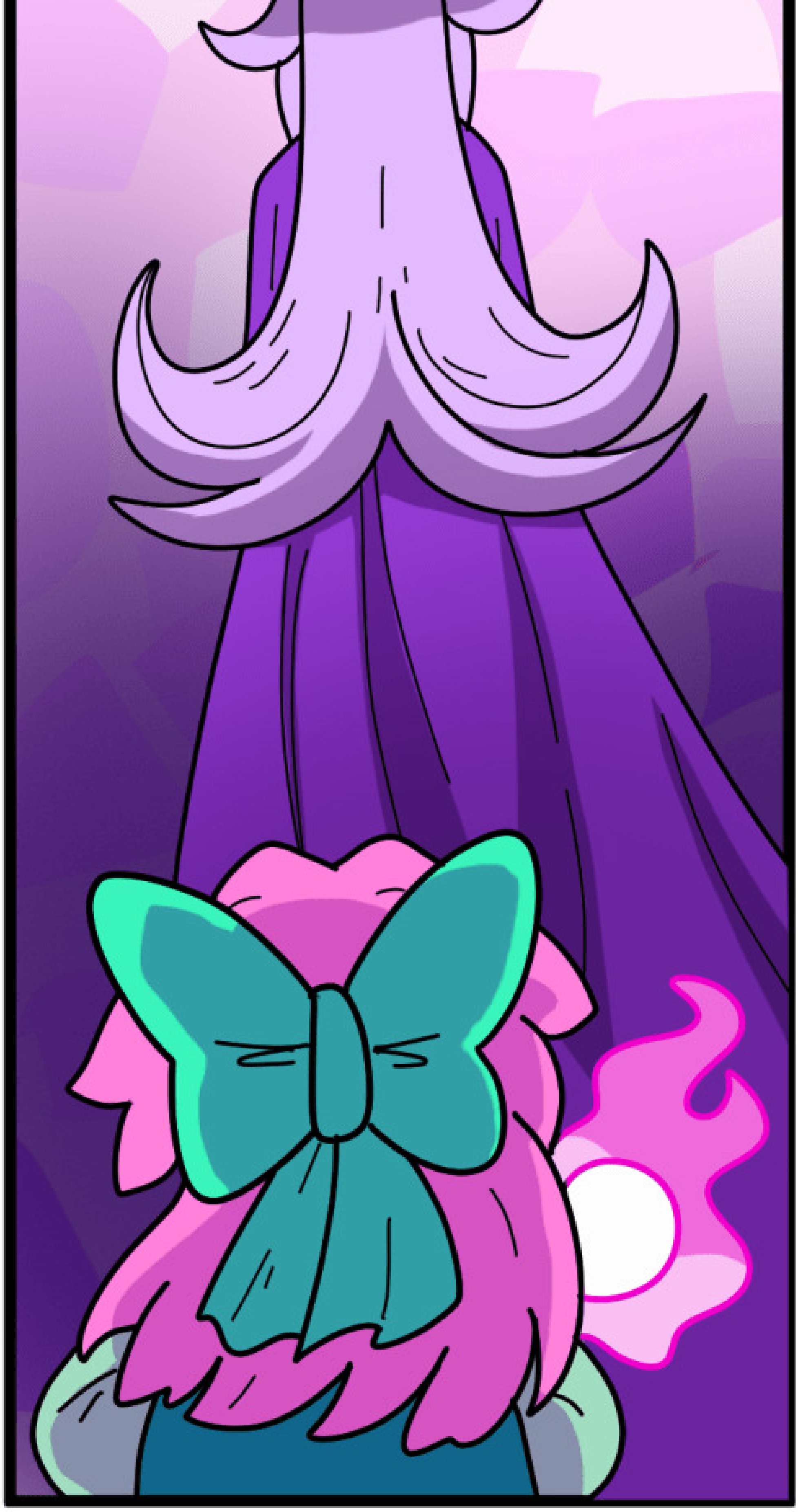


THUS CAME THE

PAINTINGS.


AND THE HORRORS.

"LOCK THE GIRL"
THEY DEMANDED.

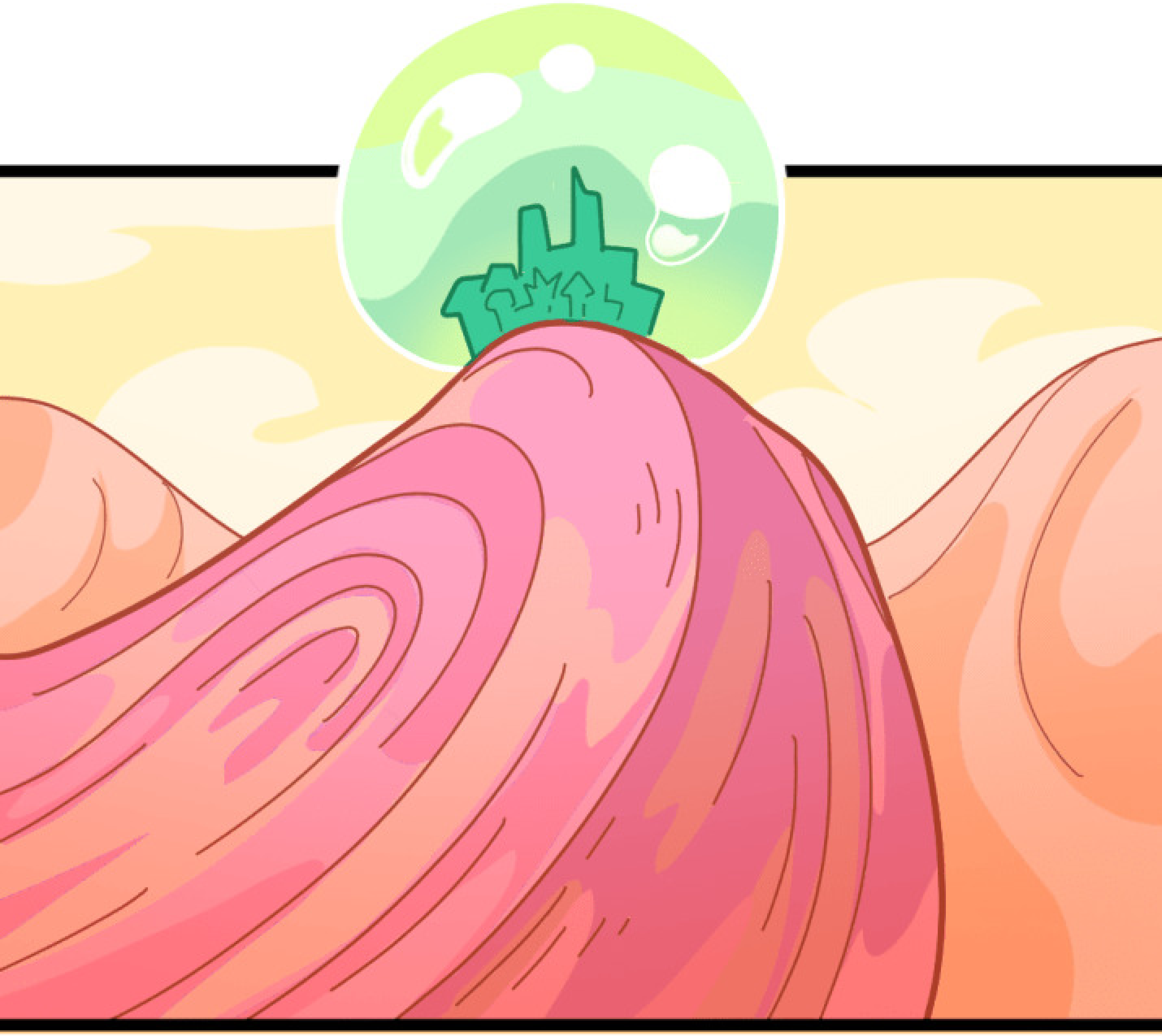


AND SHE... AGREED.

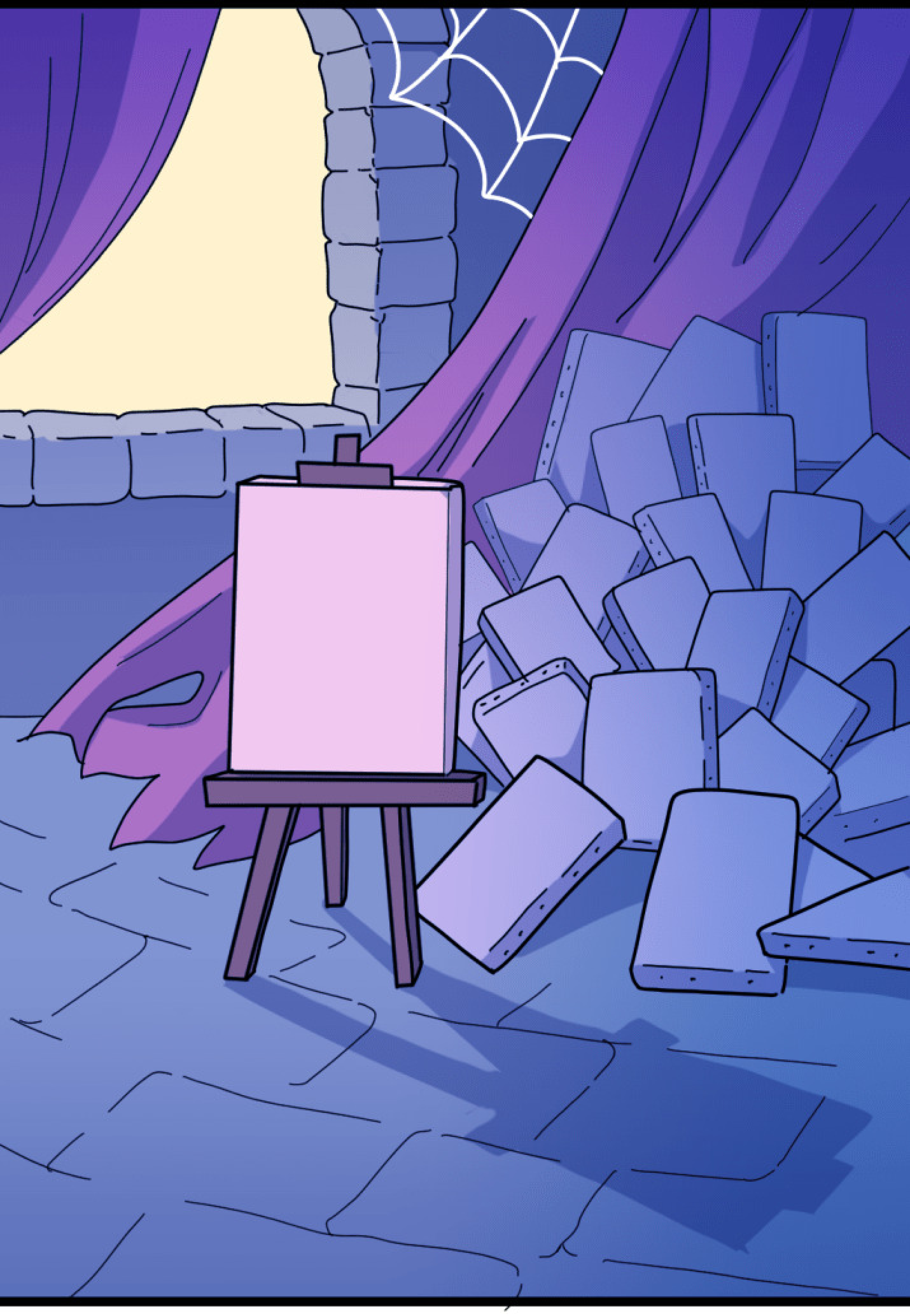
NO OPPOSITION TO BE FOUND.

ANXIETY AND **SOLITUDE** ARE AN AWFUL MIX, NO WONDER.

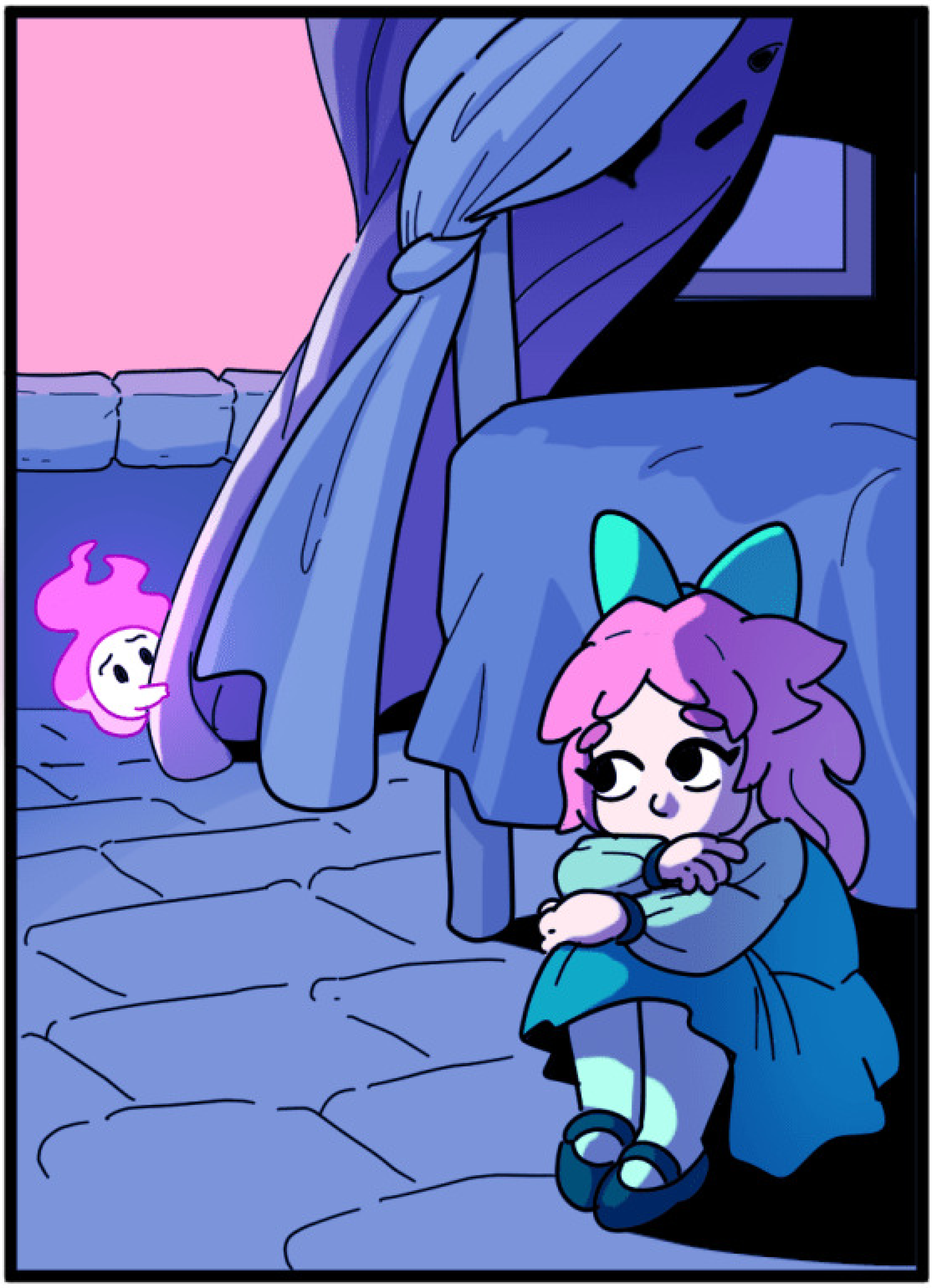
FOR YEARS, THERE WAS NOTHING FOR ME BUT A SECLUDED BUBBLE UP IN A TARNISHED KINGDOM-



A TALL PILE OF EMPTY CANVASES



AND A LITTLE EMBER THAT WAS AS MUCH AFRAID OF ME... AS I WAS AFRAID OF HER.



BUT WAS I?
NO.

I WAS JUST AFRAID OF **MYSELF**
AND THE LENGTHS MY MIND
COULD GO.

SO I REACHED FOR HER
AND LISTENED.

TRUSTED HER

TRUSTED HER.

ALLOWED HER TO BRING OUT WHATEVER WAS IN ME THAT WAS **PURE** STILL.

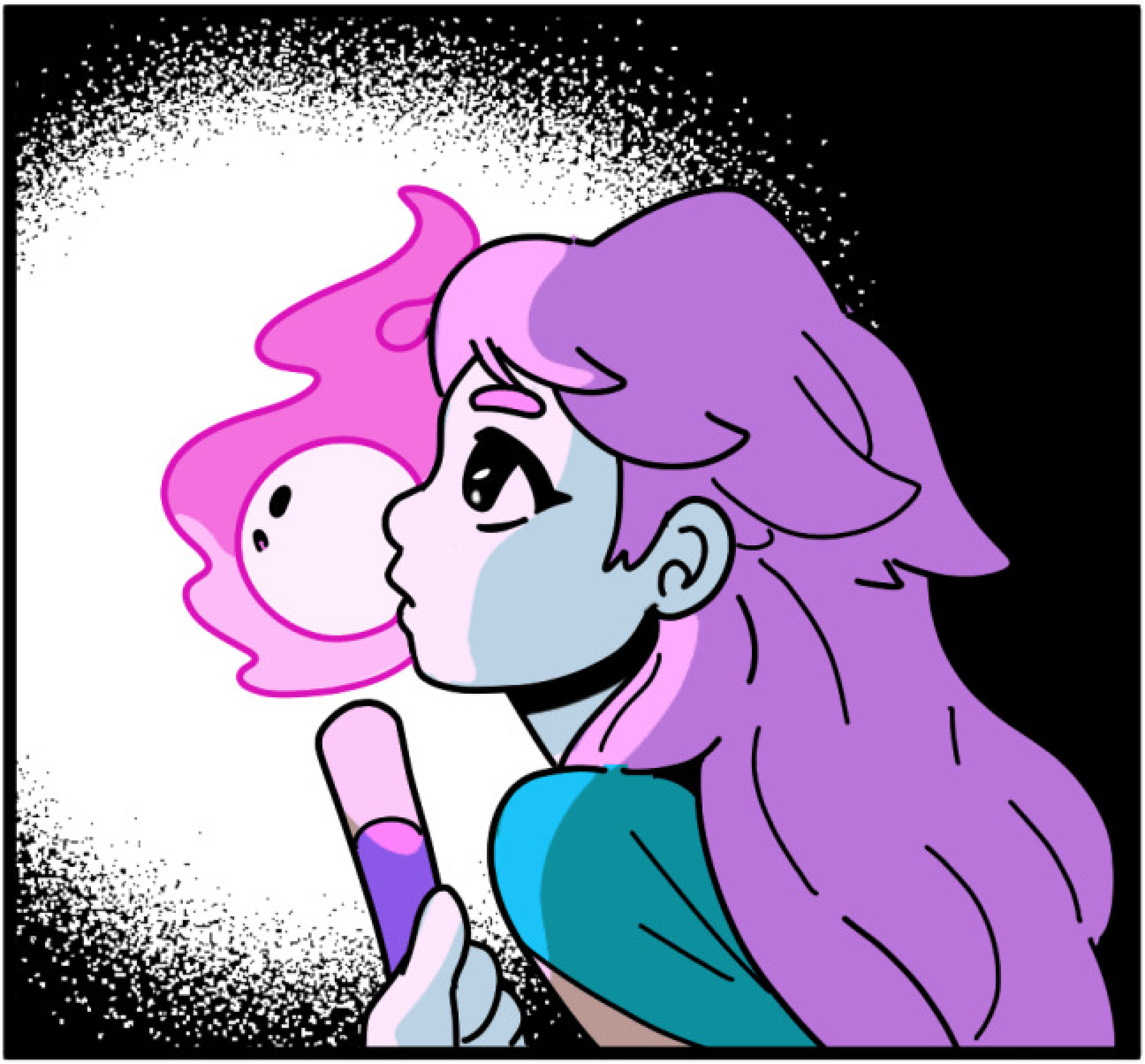
AND WE PLAYED.

WENT HERE AND
THERE ON
ADVENTURES
ACROSS THE
UNTAMED MIND.

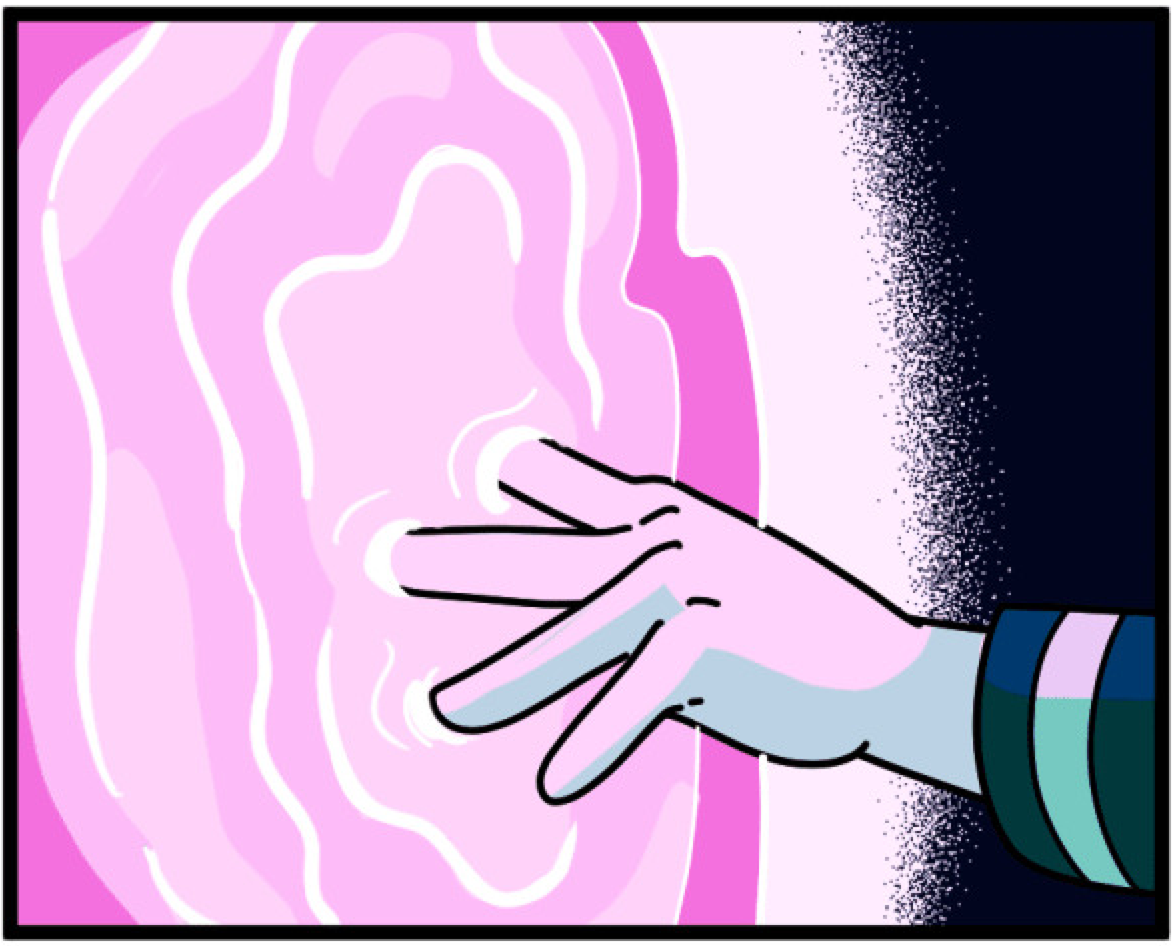
THAT WAS HOW, WHILE DAYDREAMING OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE, WE IMAGINED A LITTLE FUZZY RASCAL CREATURE...

YET SO PURE, LIKE THE KID I USED TO BE.

IT WAS **YOU**.



YOU WERE THE FIRST BEAUTIFUL THING MY MIND MANAGED TO IMAGINE.



THE ONE WHO WOULD TAKE
ME **OUTSIDE**.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Big thanks to our patrons:

DONUTS

AGRAVEIN

JENNIE
COCHRAN-CHINN